

UNIQUE POLITICAL POSTERS.

Clubs of Both Parties Dip into the Realm of New Art for Emblems of Their Leaders.

HILL WORKED OUT UPON A SILK FLAG.

Worker in Ecclesiastical Decorations Called Upon to Achieve a Wonderful Thing for a Brice Club From Sweet-Faced Madonnas to Stern-Faced Statesmen.

(Copyright, 1896, for The Times.)

A firm that does a large business in campaign posters let fall, a few days ago, the inkling of a campaign secret. It was that the political clubs have fallen victim to the poster craze, and have ordered banners of campaign leaders made after the poster order.

"I did not mean to tell you as much as this," said the man who has the posters "up his sleeve," so to speak, "but since you have enticed it out of me and have got a glimpse of the banners, I might as well tell you all about it."

"You see," said this gentleman, who, by the way, has been in the business of making campaign banners for many years, "we are put to our wits' end every four years for new banners for the political clubs."

CATCHING THE FEVER.

"Political clubs of this day are not contented with the Stars and Stripes, and the old battle-flags that we used to copy for them, with their stained spots and their tatters, are not known to the present generation. Each club wants something new, with the name of their candidate upon it, and the indication of party sentiment as well as a certain beauty of conception besides. They give us carte blanche in price and design and we must do the best we can for them."

"When the poster craze broke out," said this campaign banner gentleman, "we looked it over carefully to see if anything could be done with it so it could be adapted to our business of making political banners. But we decided that it could not."

"It was such a striking idea and capable of so many workings, treatments, and variations that we were more than anxious to carry it out and issue political posters. Only it was easy to drop into the ridiculous with it."

"One day an artist sauntered in here,



REED IN CHARACTER.

He was a tall, slender fellow, with dreamy eyes and long hair. His fingers, thin and trembling, told of late hours and not much to eat, and his clothes were not exactly those of a duke.

"You handle campaign banners?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"We do," I replied.

"Then you will like this one I've made of McKinley. It is done after the new poster fad."

"Quickly, before I could say no, he unfurled a long piece of paper, the size of a door, and showed me the great protectionist behind the shield of his country."

"That is in red, white, and blue for true patriots. But I can get it up in yellow and black, like the Hearstley, if you want it so. You see I have brought in the McKinley tin and have worked up the idea of the workman."

"The picture caught my eye. 'Leave it,' I said. 'There's to be a meeting of the McKinley Club tonight. Leave it and I will show it to them.' He left the big paper banner with me and I took it to the club. When the workmen saw it they went wild. 'Get us a big one in hunting,' they ordered; and for the next month I was busy putting together the hardest banner I ever had on my hands."

MAKING THE BANNERS.

"The way campaign banners are made is interesting," continued this maker of banners, "and few people know anything about it. You don't know that once upon a time Ben. Butler's firm made all the banners for political clubs, charging Democrats and Republicans alike. Ben. Butler's banners were of fast-color hunting, and so well were they made that to this day there are some of them left that he personally sent out."

"The campaign banner, if it be of Stars



FIRST POSTER OF McKINLEY.

and Stripes, is made like the American flag. It is done in silk, with the usual white lines for stars and stripes. It is sewed on by hand, or are done in gold leaf, or, best of all, in stitching with gold thread through and through the banner,

both sides being stitched alike.

"With the poster banner the situation is greatly complicated, because there is no flag for a groundwork, and you begin with only your piece of hunting or silk. Ours so far have been of silk."

"The artist who has designed the banner comes to you with the entire article painted in water colors upon an immense sheet of paper exactly the size of the banner that is to be made. Fifteen by thirty feet we consider an immense campaign banner. Ten by twenty is a fair size."

"We take the paper banner, tack it to



POSTER OF HILL.

the wall, and set to work to copy it in a material that will be more lasting than paper. Take that campaign poster of Lull and I will show you what I mean."

"In Lull's poster we begin with the Stars and Stripes. They are put by hand upon a white background. The stars must be placed carefully with their points spread, and the stripes cut away to make room for the figure ornamentation."

"The flag with 'I am a Democrat' comes next. It is a piece of silk cut right shape and sewed upon the banner. The folds in it are done by a girl who is a clever artist with the needle. She has done much church embroidery. With dark silk she goes over that white banner tracing 'I am a Democrat' until every letter is perfect. She then puts in the creases until it looks as though blown by the wind. The handle is long stitches in what she calls 'creevies'."

DRESSING SENATOR HILL.

"The figure of the statesman is hardest. The black coat is a piece of broadcloth cut out like a man-doll's coat. It is first glued in place and finally etched there by artistic hands, and as the last touch of art receives its white lines with white silk to mark the creases in the coat."

"The features, hands, hair and feet are put in with fine silk thread, stitch after stitch, until as perfect as the wrought tapestries of the old saints. When done it is an exquisite thing."

"The cost of getting up a campaign poster of this kind is very great. If there were enough call for it to have machinery made to order, with a special weave for each poster, the work could be done cheaply, but this is impossible, for each club has its own candidate."

"Take that Brice poster. Look at it and if we do not deserve credit for working out the pose so carefully. As a rule we warrant our posters to stand water, but this one is an exception, as we had to make the train of cars in lustrous silks, sitting as an engine, and the horse will come off if the poster is wet. But we do not expect our posters to get



FOR A BRICE CLUB.

wet. They are for ornament and are to be hung in a hall over the heads of the orators who address the meetings.

"The Reed poster which you see upon the wall was the simplest to do. It has not been sent out yet. Neither have any of the others. But you are positively the first one to see the Speaker in his characteristic attitude, the one always pictured for him by his admirers through the country."

REED EASY POSTER.

"For the Reed poster we took pale yellow silk, and placed the figure of Reed upon it in dull silk, with the usual white lines for stars and stripes. His head was fortunate for us, in being a bit of outline work, and the gavel in brown was the only relief from the yellow and black—a striking combination. The lettering is in all colors, with a preference for red, white, and blue."

"The cost of a poster is reckoned by the work we put upon it. This poster of Reed cost us only \$100, while the one of Brice might be \$200 or \$300.

"In reckoning this up you must count the days taken by the embroiderer. We must pay an ecclesiastical embroiderer \$1 a day, and he will only work during the daylight hours. We tried to get cheaper workmanship and experimented upon it in du silk, with the usual white lines for stars and stripes. I wish you could have seen it when it was done. It looked like the side of a coconut with which the monkeys have played ball when the shell was soft."

"The craze for posters is developing strange things. I saw a woman gloating over a water-color poster of her baby, a light blue cherub upon a green throne. But when it comes to sensible and interesting things do not think there is anything much more attractive than a political campaign banner gotten up like a vivid poster."

—ARADENCE A. RUSSELL.

GRAY GABLES IN WINTER.

Visit to the President's Summer Home While Bleak Winds Blow.

CAMERAS NOT IN HIGH ESTEEM.

The Deserted Station—The New Lodge. The "Ruth" Blackened by Flames. Neighborhood Gossip—Reportorial Franks.

(Copyright, 1896, for The Times.)

Gray Gables, in winter, is like a stage between the acts; the scenery stands ready, the scene-shifters are still busy, the actors are invisible. The hero of the play, of course, is President Cleveland, and in his absence, the little hamlet is a nut without the kernel. Yet already the air is full of expectation; you can't talk for five minutes with any one in Gray Gables without some mention of the chief executive.

It was a bright but bitterly cold day when I descended from the train at Gray Gables. The little box of a depot was closed and deserted; the very windows were battered. I was obliged to take my baggage to a neighboring house for safe-keeping. The privilege I asked was most courteously accorded; indeed, the genuine old New England hospitality prevailed at Gray Gables.

I had been desired to procure some pictures; and desired that emanate from the editorial sanctum are commands to the poor newspaper correspondent. Cameras, I found, are not held in high esteem here; and doubtless the little black box with its inquisitive eye is sometimes guilty of great impertinence. Cameras, however, not a few, have been on the ground—it would take a large force of special police to prevent it—and pictures have been made, which may be procured if you know where to look for them. So I did not depart altogether empty-handed.

The President's grounds are, of course, private property, and nobody has any right to treat them as a public park. Some visitors, however, seem unable to realize this, and stories are told of the



Gray Gables in Winter.



View in the Deer Park.

summary execution of pecking intruders. If so, it was doubtless their own fault; insolence has no privilege. I have no reason to believe that any one who deports himself as a gentleman should have ever been discourteously used at Gray Gables, though the custodian, Mr. Wright, a tall, athletic man of rather military bearing, is apparently a person with whom it would not be wise to take undue liberties.

For my own part, I strolled quietly along the winding road without molestation. It is a beautiful road, bedded with broken shells, bordered with overhanging trees. But now the bleak wind sweeps through the numerous pines and rattles the dry leaves upon giant boughs of the beeches.

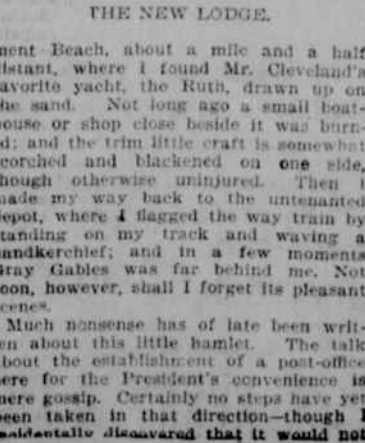
The only thing new on the premises is the cottage lately erected for the use of Mr. Wright. This is an attractive little building, with a gambrel roof and a pleasant veranda. It was both planned and built by William R. Crump, a self-made architect of local note; and his tasteful work is really worthy of praise. Mr. Wright at present occupies the lodge near the President's own residence, and next summer this will be devoted to the use of the servants of the household.

Near the lodge is a pretty enclosure in which the presidential deer are kept. Here may be seen a great star with wide spreading antlers, and evidently he is something of a pet, for he showed little fear on my approach.

A few rods beyond, on a slight elevation, which commands a magnificent view of sea and shore, stands the summer house of Mr. Cleveland, picturesque with its many-peaked roof and irregular windows, and griddled with a broad, shadowy veranda—delightful, undoubtedly, in the hot August afternoons, but now wind-swept and desolate.

Everything in this vicinity suggests the annual visit of the head of the nation. I learned that the house at which I dined was last summer the boarding place of the detectives who always accompany the President, even in his recreations. After dinner, having still some time at my disposal, I walked down to Monument Beach, about a mile and a half distant, where I found Mr. Cleveland's favorite yacht, the Ruth, drawn up on the sand. Not long ago a small boat-house or shop close beside it was burned, and the trim little craft is somewhat scorched and blackened on one side, though otherwise unimpaired. Then I made my way back to the unattended depot, where I flagged the way train by standing on my track and waving a handkerchief, and in a few moments Gray Gables was far behind me. Not soon, however, shall I forget its pleasant scenes.

Much nonsense has of late been written about this little hamlet. The talk about the establishment of a post-office here for the President's convenience is mere gossip. Certainly no steps have yet been taken in that direction—though I incidentally discovered that it would not



THE NEW LODGE.

be difficult to find a willing postmaster.

The foolish story told by a reporter recently about the achievements of a society of the ladies of Buzzard's Bay in the way of providing a fund for the purpose of lighting the streets at Gray Gables, is equally unfounded, though the ladies of the village itself are making some unpretentious efforts in that direction. The setting up of a few kerosene lamps is the extent of the project. I don't much wonder that reporters are not especially popular at Gray Gables—summer or winter.

THE LAST SLAVE IN THIS COUNTRY.

Probably an Indian in Alaska, Who Died in Slavery Last Summer.

United States District Attorney Barton E. Bennett, formerly of Seattle, but now stationed at Sitka, has been writing some very interesting letters to friends here on the novel scenes by which he is surrounded. In a letter dated Feb. 8 he relates an incident which is of more than usual interest. It is the story of probably the last slave held on United States territory.

"Last week," he writes, "Klan-tach, one of the sub-chiefs of the Sitka tribe, came to my office with an interpreter, and said that the Killisnoo Indians owed him 100 blankets (worth \$50 or \$75), and wanted me to give him a letter ordering them to pay the debt, as he and his warriors in canoes were going to start for there the next morning early. I refused to give him a letter till I had further investigated the matter. I thereupon sent for George Kostrometloff, the official court reporter, a Russian by birth, a native of Sitka, and a son of a Russian naval officer, who speaks the Indian language. At my request he made a thorough investigation of the matter, with some interesting results."

"About forty years ago, it seems, at Hootz-noo-so (Brown Bear's Fort), a large Indian village, one and one-half miles from Killisnoo (little fort) in the bay, a fight took place between two clans, and during the fight an Indian woman was killed. Her name was Kah-shet-shik. She was an aunt of Klan-tach, one of the sub-chiefs of the Sitka tribe. According to the Indian custom, or law, the man who killed her had to pay a great many blankets, or lose his life. Who it was who killed this woman was, of course, unknown, as it occurred during a general fight. Hence the debt fell upon the Killisnoo tribe, which was obliged to pay or have one of its men killed. Not having

enough blankets to pay for the death of the woman, the tribe gave a slave to Klan-tach to settle it. Slaves at this time were very valuable. The slave given was named Ka-how, and was about 20 years old. When he was quite young he was stolen from the Hyah tribe, who live in the southern part of Prince Edward's Island. At this time slaves were obtained by stealing children from other tribes, and from prisoners taken in war. A chief who had ten slaves was considered a very rich man. Klan-tach returned to Sitka, and kept Ka-how as a slave until last summer, when he died. The Kah-wan-tach tribe (the war tribe, of which Klan-tach is one of the principal chiefs, after the death of Ka-how, concluded that it had nothing to show that it had ever been paid for the death of Klan-tach's aunt, and also concluded that it ought to have at least 100 blankets to settle the matter.

"Last week Klan-tach came to my office with his interpreter, and after explaining matters, asked for a letter to the Killisnoo Indians, ordering them to pay 100 blankets. Of course, he was refused, and told that the Killisnoo Indians owed him nothing, and that, moreover, he had no right to own slaves in this country. He explained by saying that he had freed this slave years ago, but he would not leave. It seems that in 1878, when Capt. Sitka of the Jamestown, was here, the Sitka tribe, as well as all other Alaska tribes, had a great many slaves, and he freed them all, but this man, Ka-how, concluded to stay with Klan-tach. Klan-tach, with five canoes, started for Killisnoo to enforce his claim. I do not know the result of this. This is the last story of slave-holding in the United States.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

NEW TICKET OFFICE.

The Seaboard Air Line has placed on sale their passenger office, No. 801 East Main street, tickets to all points South and Southwest.

Baggage checked and sleeping-car reservations made on application to H. M. BOYKIN, Passenger Agent.

Southern Baptist Convention, Chattanooga Tenn., May 8th to 14th.

For the above Convention the Seaboard Air Line has made a rate of one fare for the round-trip, and desires to run a solid Baptist train from Richmond to the Convention, and return for the exclusive comfort of delegates and visitors.

For further information apply to H. M. BOYKIN, Passenger Agent, 801 East Main street.

Do Texas Foxes Climb Trees? A correspondent of a sportsman's paper, declared recently that he saw the sport to be had in hunting foxes in Texas, because they climb trees in ten or twenty minutes after the dogs start them. The foxes in England are often driven to the trees by the eager dogs, but they do not climb in the sense that a squirrel or bear does. They jump to the lower branches of the trees and by their aid work themselves up to the top branches. A fox can get into a tree that is no higher than six feet to the lower branches, and it is probably by jumping that the Texas fox gets into the trees.—New York Sun.

TO VISIT JAMESTOWN.

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY MAY COME.

Asked to Join the Annual Pilgrimage of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities on May 13th.

The following correspondence explains itself:

Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, WASHINGTON, Feb. 12, 1896.

Dear Madam:—Recurring to the subject of a conversation last evening, I beg to say formally that the National Geographic Society, of which I am a member, has been contemplating an excursion to Jamestown and Williamsburg during the ensuing spring, probably in May; we desire to learn whether such an excursion on the part of the Society would be agreeable to the noble organization of which you are Recording Secretary, and whether, in your judgment, the visit would be well received by the good people of Williamsburg, especially those connected with William and Mary College. Any information which you may be good enough to convey will be thankfully received, and will be utilized in formulating plans for this season's excursion. The National Geographic Society has a membership of about 1,200; the President for some years has been Honorable Gardiner G. Hubbard, and its officers include such men as General A. W. Greeley, the Arctic explorer; Honorable Charles W. Dabney, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture; Mr. Henry Ganett, Geographer of the United States Geological Survey and of the Tenth and Eleventh Censuses; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the well-known Zoologist of the Department of Agriculture; Professor William B. Powell, Superintendent of 'Public Schools.'

The excursion last year was to Fredericksburg, Virginia, where we were charmingly received by the Mayor and citizens and their families, your eminent historian Howison, being one of the reception committee. Should we go to Jamestown the party would probably number somewhere between 200 and 300, according to the weather, transportation facilities, etc.

Herewith I beg to hand you a copy of a publication indicating the membership of the Society, etc., some months since; also one or two minor publications of my own relating to changes in level along the Atlantic Coast of the United States.

Trusting that our Society may have the pleasure of meeting at the historic ground of Jamestown at no distant day, if not during the present season, I remain, with great respect,

Yours cordially,

W. J. MCGEE.

Mrs. James Lyons—City. Mrs. Joseph Bryan, the President of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, made the following reply:

W. T. McGee, Esq., National Geographic Society, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.:

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 19th ult. to Mrs. James Lyons, Recording Secretary of the Association, for the Preservation of



The Ruth Blackened by flames.



The Deserted Station.

Virginia Antiquities, has been referred to me as the president of that association. The terms in which you refer to our association are very gratifying, and the suggestion of an excursion by your society to Jamestown more than agreeable. We have resolved to make an annual pilgrimage to Jamestown on the 13th of May. Last year we chartered the steamer *Foran* for the purpose, and carried about 70 persons from Richmond with us. The capacity of the steamer is 1,200, or more. She is very large, and handsomely appointed. A large number of persons also came there from Williamsburg, which is seven miles from Jamestown, but the means of transportation are so limited that we find it necessary to go down James river by steamer, reaching there by railroad to Williamsburg, and thence by vehicles to Jamestown.

We propose to repeat our excursion May 13th this year, and it would add greatly to our pleasure if your society would join us on that day.

The steamer will leave the wharf at Richmond about 8 A. M. We are returning the same day at 5 P. M. We are hoping to arrange a programme, by which a special train will bring you to Richmond in time to connect with the steamer; returning carry you back to Washington that same night. If, however, you should not wish to take so hurried a trip, I should suggest your coming to Richmond on the 12th, as you can secure delightful accommodations in our excellent hotel, "The Jefferson."

The places of interest on James river make the 4 or 5 hours' journey en route free of all tedium; and should we be blessed with such a fair day as we had last year, the occasion will be one memorable for its unusual delightfulness.

I hope we may have the honor, as well as pleasure, to welcome you to the birthplace of the nation.

I am, in the meantime, yours truly,

Richmond, Va., March 11, 1896.

Do Texas Foxes Climb Trees? A correspondent of a sportsman's paper, declared recently that he saw the sport to be had in hunting foxes in Texas, because they climb trees in ten or twenty minutes after the dogs start them. The foxes in England are often driven to the trees by the eager dogs, but they do not climb in the sense that a squirrel or bear does. They jump to the lower branches of the trees and by their aid work themselves up to the top branches. A fox can get into a tree that is no higher than six feet to the lower branches, and it is probably by jumping that the Texas fox gets into the trees.—New York Sun.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labelling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

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Tomatoes.....	5 and 6	Imperial Peas.....	12 1/2
Good Flour.....	25	Dinner Condensed Milk.....	10
Mixed Nuts.....	20	Large Pitcher Preserves.....	10
Macaroni.....	5 and 6	Good Cracked Roasted Coffee, per lb.....	10
Cheese.....	12	Good Rice.....	5
Good Prunes, per lb.....	12	Supreme Flour, guaranteed to suit any one.....	25
Potatoes—per bushel.....	45	Best Flour—per barrel.....	25
per peck.....	12	Specialty Cured Shoulders, same as 8c. hams.....	8
Smoked Beef Tongues.....	40	Good Lard.....	6
		Best Leaf Lard.....	10
		Can Salmon—large.....	10
		Boston Baked Beans.....	10

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